

THE
GOLDEN PIPPIN:
AN
ENGLISH BURLETTA,
IN TWO ACTS.

[Price One Shilling.]

9



THE
GOLDEN PIPPIN:

AN

ENGLISH BURLETTA.

IN TWO ACTS.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By the AUTHOR of MIDAS.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET, in the Strand.
M.DCC.LXXVI.

*** The Characters of ERYNNIS and the
DRAGON, with some few other Passages,
are omitted in the Representation.*



ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is but Justice to the absent Author to declare, in contradiction to many idle Reports, and injurious Paragraphs, that in this Piece, as in his former, he only proposed an innocent Burlesque; never thinking Ribaldry, Profaneness, or Personal Satire, a proper Entertainment for the Public, to whose experienced Candour and Indulgence he submits the following
BURLETTA.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

JUPITER,	Mr. REINHOLD.
MERCURY,	Mr. DU BELLAMY.
MOMUS,	Mr. QUICK.
PARIS,	Mr. MATTOCKS.
The DRAGON,	Mr. BURTON.

W O M E N.

JUNO,	Miss CATLEY.
PALLAS,	Mrs. BAKER.
VENUS,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
IRIS,	Miss VALOIS.
ERYNNIS,	Mr. BAKER.

THE



THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rising, discovers a Splendid Pavilion in the Clouds; JUNO, PALLAS, and VENUS at a Card-Table playing at Tredrille; on one Side a Table, with Goblets, &c. IRIS, in Waiting. During a Symphony, VENUS shuffles and deals. PALLAS frets at her bad Cards.

AIR. TRIO. Francesco.

PALLAS, JUNO, VENUS.

	PALLAS.
	<i>I Pass—I've done so all the night.</i>
Juno.	<i>I take a King,</i>
	<i>I take a King.</i>
Ven.	<i>Pray, Ladies, stay.</i>
	<i>Pray, Ladies, stay.—I'll play alone.</i>
	B
	Juno.

2 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Juno. } *Again?—Bless me—again!*
 Pal. } *Again!*
 Ven. } *Di'monds are Trumps.*
 Pal. } *Bless me!—again?*
 Juno. } (to Venus) *You scarcely Pass one hand*
 } *in ten.*
 Pal. } (peevishly) *The Cards owe me a spite.*
 } (to Venus) *This Lady knows you;—so*
 do I.
 You dealt the Cards—and we
 could spy.
 Ven. (throws down her game) *The Vol is won.*
 The Vol is won—with Matadors,
 Pal. *Spadille at bottom—O fie!*
 Ven. } *With Matadors.*
 Juno. } (to Pallas) *Such hints are shocking, Mâm.*
 Pal. *Cheats are provoking, Mâm.*
 Ven. } *Lord, such a rout!*
 Pal. } *Cheats are provoking, Mâm.*
 Ven. } *Lord, such a rout!*
 Juno. } (to Pallas) *Quite shocking—O fie!*
 Pal. } *Cheats are provoking—O fie!*
 Ven. } *But losers must have leave to pout.*
 Pal. } *Cheats are provoking, Mâm.*
 Ven. } *But losers must ha' leave to pout.*
 Juno. } (to Pallas) *Such terms are shocking, Mâm.*
 Ven. } *But losers, &c.*
 Pal. } *Cheats are, &c.* } *O fie!*
 Juno. } *Such terms, &c.*

(Juno and Pallas rise in heat, and come forward. Venus sits still, counting and pocketing her gains.)

R E C I

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. (*mistily*) Hang cards!

Juno. You're out o' luck!

Pal. As I'm a sinner!

I haven't—since last Christmas—ris'n a winner.

Juno. That's hard!—So bad a run may well
chagrin one:

Venus is quite a dab.

Pal. Dab!—She's—a keen one;

At all games—plays th' whole game.

Juno. Aye, aye!

Pal. Match none has;

For sleight of hand,—will slip an ace—with *Jonas*.

Juno. Gambles deep too!

Pal. Well may—who never loses:

At Putt, poor girls!—sh' as beggar'd the Nine
Muses;

Fine as a Queen o' ginger-bread—parades it;

But ne'er has paid the wages of her Maids yet.

Juno. (*laughing*) Like enough—for the Graces,
——and 'tis scandalous,

Go mother-naked.

Pal. (*with spleen*) Skin-flint!—so to randle us!

'Twould vex a faint.——

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A I R II. Dooralin.

*A thriving trade
The nimming jade
Has pick'd up, here, of chousing us ;
With sly flim-flams,
And palming shams,
At Brothel learnt, or Bouzing-kouse !
[Turning to Ven. insolently.]
You must purloin,
In duds to shine
So dizen'd—there's no boa wi' you ;
But the next coin
You nab of mine,
By Pam ! I'll pluck a crow wi' you,*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Juno. (in disapprobation) Nay,—Pallas !
[Venus advances to them, smiling jocosely at Pallas.]
Ven. (in banter) Miss,—you're—funny,
Poor dear !—has't lost it' temper with it' money ?
ha ! ha ! ha !
Pal. (exasperated) Pert chitty face ! 'cause leud
fops call you—pretty ;
You fancy those—patch-clenches—smart—and
witty.
Ven. (gibing) Pretty !—the fools !—do they,
indeed ?—Ah, tell us.
Pal. (contemptuously) Conceited moppet !
Ven. (waggishly) Sure, Miss,—you a'n't jealous.
[Takes out a pocket-glass, and views herself
affectedly.]*

A I R

A I R III. *Laschi and Galluppi.*

*If I have some—little—beauty—
 Can I help it?—No, not I;—
 Some good luck too—'tis my duty
 Gifts so precious to apply.
 Nature—Fortune—gave 'em freely;
 And I'll use 'em—quite genteelly.
 If the Smarts of the Sky
 Cringe, ogle, and sigh,
 Whene'er I pass by;
 And cry,
 Looky there!
 What an air!
 Gods, how fair!
 Pray, why
 (To feed your starch'd pride)
 Must I go and hide,
 'Till you're made a bride?
 Who, I?
 No, no——If I do, may I die.*

R E C I.

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R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. (incensed) Don't rouse me, Bold-face!—if
your tongue's so flippant,
I'll take y' a chuck—as shall chop off the tip on't.

[*Pallas advances upon her; she takes
shelter behind Juno.*]

Ven. (in fear, screaming) I'll swear the peace:—
keep at arms-length, Virago!

(*To Juno, whimpering*)
She'll brain me, Mâm!

Pal. (in spiteful rage)—Well, had I don't long
a-go.

Ven. (still whimpering) Your tongue's no slan-
der—for that, not a button
Care I;—but I can't stand your fist o' mutton.

Juno. (Aside, chuckling) Nuts to me, This—I
hope, 'twill be a scuffle;
(*to them*)

My stars! what was't cou'd thus your tempers
ruffle?

Pal. Her gibes,

Ven. Her rants.

Pal. Don't snouch then!

Ven. Don't you hector!

Juno. (taking each by the hand)

Faults on both sides—sit down—come, I'll
direct here.

And *Iris*!—stir, wench!—fill about the nectar.

Pal. Venus—your quips would Patient Grisel
canker,

Howe'er, shake hands!

Ven. (giving her hand) Here, Miss, I bear no
rancour.

A I R

AIR IV. Touch the Thing, you Bastard.

(All sit, and *Iris* serves them with Goblets on a Tray.)

Juno (sings). *When bickrings hot,
To high words got,
Break out at Gamiorum;
The flame to cool,
My Golden Rule
Is—Push about the Forum.*

*With fist on jug,
Coifs who can lug?
Or shew me that glib speaker,
Who her red rag
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.*

(They all drink.)

(Exeunt, merrily singing in Chorus)

*The Golden Rule
Is—Push about the Forum.*

[Scene closes.]

SCENE

8 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

SCENE *changes to a Wild Heath.*

Enter Momus, in the habit of the Antique Court Jester. Walks to and fro impatiently.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Mom. By Jingo! if *Erynnis*—from the Hesperides,—

Steals me the Dragon's Apple--we'll ha' merry days.

Augh!—ho!—oa!—(*yawning and stretching*)

Court's grown damn'd hum-drum:—*Jove*, poor Noodle!

Does nought but muddle.—

Juno too—turn'd so—mim, forsooth,

Butter will scarce melt in her mouth.

But th' Apple—yes—I'll throw—that squib among 'em—

Shall stir the humours—as a wasp had stung 'em.

AIR V. Behind the Bush in the Garden.

To set at odds

These hair-brain'd Gods,

The turn of a straw or a pin does;

I make them fret,

Take pet,

Curvet,

And fling Heaven out o' the windows.

He

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

*He, she, fowl, handsome, all,
On wires I dance 'em all,
Jove of my puppets but is chief;
Sky, earth, and ocean,
I put in commotion;
I doat on a snug bit o' mischief.*

[*To him enter running, as from pursuit, Erynnis,
holding the Golden Apple in her hand, and habited as an old witch.*]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ery. Here, *Momus*, 'tis—at last;—I'm all
o'er dripping.

Mo. Good Hag!—Now quick, to *Juno's* palace tripping,

Amongst the three Sultanas drop this Pippin.

Ery. That Dragon! Oh! we've had a-do most
hellish,

Burn him!—for Pippins he has spoil'd my relish.

Mo. No fear;—I'll fool him with some rig-
ma-rol,——

Pat on his back, and scratch his pol.——

Ery. But I——(*in terror*)

Mo. You——must plump down to Hell,—to
Pluto;

I've writ a card to him.——

Ery. (*trembling*) Any where,——*in tuto.*

[*Exeunt*

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

SCENE *shifts to Juno's Pavilion.*

A knocking; then Juno's bell rings vehement.
Enter Iris running. Juno, Pallas, and Venus
enter on the other side.

RECITATIVE.

Juno. High time, Miss Lazyboots! where have
you been lolloping?

Iris. Sure, Mêm—at the first tinkle—I came
galloping.

Juno. Who rapp'd?

Iris. Beau Cupid, Mêm, ask'd for
Miss Pallas. *(Exit Iris.)*

Pal. For me? the Whelp!—I'd see him at
the gallows.

Ven. Gallows! Mâm. *(rising provok'd)*

Pal. Ay—'twill be his prank conclusive

As he goes on.

Ven. (to Juno) Mâm—she's downright abusive

ALL

A I R V I I I . Giordani.

(To Pallas)

*But ah! sweet Miss, your temper keep!
Your Peace my Boy shall ne'er invade;
Cupid shall not break your sleep,
You shall still remain a Maid.*

All Ever-green

Be Pallas seen!

Laurels her learned brows adorn!

Baleful yew,

Cypress too!

Roses alone ne'er deck that thorn.

R E C I T A T I V E .

Pal. I'd mince the blinkard—to a salmagondi.

*[Enter Iris in a fright to Juno, THE
APPLE in her hand.]*

Iris. Oh! Mêm!

Juno. Are you bewitch'd, Girl?—What has
stunn'd ye?

Haft seen a Ghost——

Iris. Worse, Mêm—that hag—*Erynnis.*

Juno. Got in, d'ye say?—I wou'dn't for five
guineas——

Iris. In troth, I think, that Witch the Devil-
in-is.

A I R

AIR IX. Sweet, if you love me, &c.

1. *Told by the Porter and the Page,**Not at home——**You'd ha' thought she'd burst with rage.**'Skips, I must see the Queen, and will—**Dear Ma'm, says I—the Queen is ill,**Takes James's Powder, and Ward's Pill.**Not at home,**Echo'd they to all her askings.*2. *To this Pippin bid her smell,**[Presents it to Juno.**Bid her smell,**I'll engage she'll soon be well.**I box'd the Fox this morn, says she,**And from th' Hesperian Dragon's Tree**Hoik'd off with't to her Majesty :**So, bye! bye!**I must fly,**He's hard at my Galligaskins.**[Exit.**[Juno and Pallas alternatively admire the
Apple, Venus desiring to look at it.*

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ven. With your leave, Mâ—

[*Receives and narrowly examines it.*

Juno. (*to Pallas*) Suppose that three shares
equal

We make—

Pal. Oh—that—*Erynnis* might—not take well.

Ven. (*having surveyed it*) Bless us!—’t has
grown with an Inscription on it.

Pal. (*in gibe*) Have the snails trac’d a tag of
some—*French* sonnet?

Ven. (*nettled*) Nah, Miss; plain *English*—
and to Me directed.

(*insulting*) A wind-fall, Ladies!—yet—one
can’t reject it.

So, poz—I will not have—my goods
trifected.

Juno. (*in surprize*) Yours!

Pal. (*with indignation*) Yours!

Ven. (*with provoking calmness*) Mine.

[*both take fire.*

Pal. (*to Venus, blustering*) By what right?

Juno. (*to ditto, with insolence*) What title?

Fool-y’!

Ven. (*with scorn*) What—when ye hear—will
make you both look bluely.

Reads to them distinctly the Inscription,
without RECITATIVE.

TO THE FAIREST IN HEAV’N,
BE THIS APPLE GIV’N.

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. (to Juno) Stand clear, Mâm—let me to
her—*(to Venus)* Shut your fly-trap,
Your title I'll soon quash else—with a tight rap.

Juno. (interposing) I bar blows—yet that Fruit
I'll have,—depend on't;
'Tis mine, *(to Venus)* so, give it me—and there's
an end on't.

A I R X. . Arne.

*Yield; or beware, lest rage, disdain,
Resentment fire my mind!
The claim my rank, my charms sustain,
Shall never be resign'd.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. (to Juno) Nay, Madam!—Sure—my
claim's the more undoubted;
So *(to Venus)* give it me—and say no more
about it.

Ven. (gently) Ladies, for Pow'r, Arms, Arts,
I don't dispute ye,
But—all the world *(bridling)* gives me the crack
for Beauty.

A I R

Juno. You trapes!

Pal. You Demi-rep! you hatter'd Dowdy,
Nam'd of a day with us—you're—

Juno. Oh! Nobody.

Ven. (*piqu'd*) Two to one's odds;—but La-
dies—since you crow so,

Let *Jove* judge.

Juno. (*eagerly*) Done!

Pal. Done!

Ven. He's a Virtuoso

In female matters.

Pal. (*to Juno*) Is he?

Juno. Troth—but so, so.

A I R XI. 'Twas you Sir, &c.

*My Title, My Title,
Will need no long recital.*

Can you,

Or you,

Dispute the prize?

If not—say who.

Pal. You Maukin, you Maukin!
What signifies your talking?

Don't name

That claim,

If you be wise,

Before us two.

Juno. Gads me! Gads me!
Such rank conceit! It mads me.

So pert

A Flirt

Shou'd brave the skies!

What's here to do?

Ven. My Title,

Pal. You Maukin! } &c.

Juno. Gads me!

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Jupiter's Hall of Audience.*

Enter Momus laughing.

Mom. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!
 Three Cats—I left 'em at it,—spitting,—scratch-
 ing,
 (*Seeing Jupiter*) Gadso!
 Now, What can that wise Nob be hatching?
 (*stands aside to observe.*)

Jupiter comes forward.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Jup. How shall I get this tangled hank un-
 ravell'd?
 Put to my trumps, and gravell'd!
 'Twou'd dumb-found Wizard Merlin, or Friar
 Bacon;
 Ay, all the Square-caps from Oxford to
 Pekin.
 No making head or tail on't—which way fo-
 e'er I turn it——
 If I know how to act—I'm a sous'd gurnet.
 Ha! that Firebrand *Erynnis*!
 (Cou'd I but trap her,
 With what good will I'd strap her!)
 I'll be hang'd, but 'twas she that kick'd this
 dust up,
 None but she—mischief-maker!
 (The devil take her!)
 Amongst my proud leash of Ninnies.

But—I—for her provide will ;
 Yes—I'll have her fairly truss'd up,
 Tho' the old Trot shou'd mount for't,
 Who can call me to account for't ?
 Or, if not strung — she shall — mill-doll — in
 Bridewell.

A I R II. Fischietti.

*As Judge, Spouse, Progenitor,
 What part shall I take ?
 My character, as senator,
 My name lies at stake.
 Says Justice—What d'ye lag on ?
 For shame !—content the Dragon.
 Then whispers Court Favor,
 To bilk him will be braver.
 What part shall I take ?
 My choice is kept swinging,
 Like Bow-bell a ringing,
 Let go—then pull'd back.
 Why, let them buff,
 And jour and chide !
 I'll save my buff,
 Whate'er betide.
 To shun domestic jangle,
 This paltry Pippin-Brangle,
 'Fore George ! I'll not decide.*

[Towards the close of the Air, *Momus* advances
 to him.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mom. That's fix'd then.

Jup. Yes, yes—I've wound up my
bottom.

Mom. Roundly ; like a true Solomon—(*aside*)
of Gotham.

Jup. But how to still their clamours—there's
the matter.

Mom. Depute some Mortal for their Arbitrator ;
'Twill pull 'em down a peg.

Jup. (*rubbing his hands delighted*) 'Twill,
'twill—the fluts !

I'll do't—to fiddle-strings 'twill fret their guts.

Mom. Oh ! they'll cajole you with their Ifs
and Buts.

Didn't they coax you in your beer to impris'n
The-Dragon but for claiming what was his'n ?

A I R III. Cotillon.

*When you're bosky, half-seas over,
Doxies wind you as they please ;
Thro' their eyes you then discover,
That the Moon's a huge Green-cheese.
They have their wits,
Mind their own bits ;
Nick the fit
To wheedle a bit,
With a tip
Of the lip,
And a roguish squeeze.*

Jovy,

Jovy, my soul! —
 What does it say? —
 Fire the North Pole!
 Jove's your Valet. —
 When you're bosky, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E,

Jup. I was a green-horn then — no penetration —

But now I'm come to years —

Mom. (*aside*) Not — of discretion. —

[*Mercury enters hastily, and twitches Jupiter's sleeve.*]

Mer. Most Doughty — please edge this way.

Jup. Eh! what mutter y'?

Mer. The Goddesses — at loggerheads — i' th' Buttery.

Jup. Fight dog, fight bear — I? — Blood!
 I've other bus'ness:

Must *Jove* sit Judge — on Dimples — Snouts —
 and Pignies?

Bid 'em scrub up as clean as hands can make 'em.

Mom. Shou'd they run rust —

Jup. By *Jericho*! — I'd flake 'em. —

(*to Mercury*) Conduct them, you, to *Ida* —

There young *Paris*

Shall view, and there give Judgment, which
 most fair is.

[*Jupiter and Momus confer together.*]

Mer.

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Merc. What?—*Paris* of *Troy*,
That *Hobble-de-Hoy*,
He Lord Chief Justice constituted!
If h'as guts in his brains, or in's skull eyes,
Sure, sure, this Heav'n-embroiling Prize
Cannot be long disputed.

A I R IV. *Fisher,*

Pallas and Juno,
All who see true know,
Never, no never can bear the bell.
No, chuck the Gold Pippin
Fair Venus's lip in,
For Venus herself is a Nonpareil.

[Exit.

[*Jupiter and Momus come forward, as continuing their conversation.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mom. What comes o' you?

Jup. Oh! I—after the Inspection——
May call—to hear—which carry'd the Election.

Mom. Mum!—yonder's *Juno*—(going)

Jup. Aye,—my Message—inubs.

Mom. Now—keep it up—be sure—a few
dry rubs }

Will give her Majesty—the Mulligrubs.

A I R

A I R V. Cotillon Tune.

*Since 'tis writ in the volume of Fate,
That to surrender
To the Male Gender,
Females must lay their account soon or late;
She must submit has a God to her Mate.
Bounce, bounce; Juno may flounce;
Storm, and thunder;
She'll knock under:
Rave, rave; Jupiter, rave!
Master you'll be—and your Wife be a slave.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Jup. (as Juno advances) How now, Dame
Partlet? ———*
*Enter Juno, stalking haughtily up to him; her
arms a-kimbo.)*
(aside) Now——she opes her Budget.
*Juno. So, Sir! Our cause——you scorn, it
seems,—to judge it.*
*Jup. I wash my hands o't:—woundy ticklish
Matters*
*These!—How decree—'twixt my own Wife and
Daughters?*
Juno. (resentfully) Then, Sir, who shall?
*Jup. (having ponder'd) Why,—Paris,—Son
of Priam,——*
Ganimede's Coz——a better Judge than I am.
*Juno. (with spleen) Finely fobb'd off! Had it
been Madam Semele——*
*Jup. (imperiously) Juno, —— go, scold your
Maids; —do——mind your Family.*
Juno.

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Juno. No; with all Heav'n for my due I'd
grapple.
Were there an Orchard, mine were every Apple.

A I R VI. Arne.

Juno. (*affronted.*)
With your Wife, Sir, ne'er dispute,
Lady of the Manor she;
Due to her the choicest fruit,
Due to her the branch and tree;
And you know she'll have her right;
Yes, Sir, Morning, Noon, and Night.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jup. Right!—Stuff!—between us,
None has a legal right to it, but *Venus*.

Juno. (*much piqu'd*) Fool that I was, my
Husband to refer to!

Venus!—a sneaking kindness—Goat!—for Her
too?—

Jup. (*indignant*) My Daughter?

Juno. (*with rancour*) Wert your Mother?

Jup. (*ironically*) Why my Pet Lamb
Ought not go loose—It should be lodg'd in Bed-
lam.

These Maggots, Child——

Juno. (*outrageous*) By each new Trull sup-
planted!

Jup. (*provok'd*) I'll be divorc'd——

Juno. (*obstinately*) The very Thing I wanted.

A I R

AIR VII. Duo Finale. Monfignier.

Juno. Go,
But know,
I'll not be treated so
By you, case-harden'd Bully!
Jup. *Let not your Fury gull y' ;*
I'm no tame, hen-peckt Cully.
Juno. *Ungrateful!*
To sacrifice me thus!
Jup. *More hateful*
Your jealousy and fuss.
Juno. } *Your Sister——*
Jup. } *Wou'd, I'ad mist her!*
Juno. } *And your Spouse too!*
Jup. } (aside) *A sweet Blowze, too!*
Juno. *The Chum you pawn'd your Nuptial*
Vows to!
Jup. *Trust my House to,*
And my Brows too!
Juno. *A Blister*
On your Tongue for't.
Jup. *I'm well stung for't,*
Sorely wrung for't.
Juno. *You broke all vows — you hot Bell-*
swagger!
Jup. (aside) *That's a Dagger,*
Sha'n't I gag her?
Juno. } *To see that Num-skull*
Jup. } (to her) *These Wipes——*
Juno. } *At the Swan, at the Bull,*
Jup. } *Bring stripes.*

F

Juno.

Juno. } *How Mortals must laugh*
 Jup. } *Your sides, my Love, itch*
 Juno. } *At the Goose, at the Calf.*
 Jup. } *For a taste of the switch.*
 Juno. } *Your* { *Wife* } *a cast-off* { *stare.*
 Jup. } *Wife* { *Wife* } *those taunts are* {
 Juno. } *Yet you* { *can't say black's her* } *nail.*
 Jup. } { *urge them tooth and* }
 Juno. } *I'll* { *not sit down mum* } *chance.*
 Jup. } { *rove, and take my* }
 Juno. } *You shall* } *see the Devil dance.*
 Jup. } *Tho' I* }
 Juno. *More Sacks on the Mill!—No, no,*
 'Tis a bitter Pill—it kicks.—
 Jup. *Jack must have his Fill—I trow;*
 And, as Jove, I will—ha' six.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

SCENE, *a Chamber in the Celestial Palace.*

JUPITER *and* MOMUS.

RECITATIVE.

Mom. I Met 'em—Friesland hens! their feathers bruffling
All the wrong way. (*laughs*)

Jup. That's what they get by buffling
On the High-horse with Me—

Mom. Poor *Venus* said nought.

Jup. True—
—But—for my Jezebel, and yond' Miss Dread-
nought—

F 2 AIR

A I R I, Handel.

*I'll taw them soft as old glove,
 The Drabs shall know I'm Czar above;
 I wonder whence
 This impudence,
 To maunder at the will of Jove.*

*Mine are the reins — and to the bit,
 Tag, Rag, and Bob-tail, shall submit.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E, M O U N T I D A.

Paris is discovered admiring his own Finery.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Par. C'est quelque chose cela — no more a
 Rustick scrubbish,*

Paris at Court has dusted off his Rubbish.

A I R II, Arne.

*But now let me flaunt it,
 Rant, flirt it, and jaunt it,
 Gallant it, and dress it away;
 At Op'ra and Ball,
 Play, Concert, and All,
 I warrant I carry the day.*

*I'll make the Folks stare
 By clubbing my Hair;
 I'll ogle, I'll prattle,
 The Dice-box I'll rattle,
 Lose thousands, and call it mere Sport;
 While Men all admire me,
 All Ladies desire me,*

Sweet Paris, the Pink of the Court!

[Paris

[Paris turns, and spies Mercury advancing.
What chap comes here? trick'd out so nicely!

Enter to him Mercury.

(He stands bowing at a distance.)

Dem' mauvaise honte—So thus—concisely.

AIR III. DUE T. Francesco.

Par. Mon Enfant—ecoutez.

Merc. Royal Swain, what d'ye say?

Par. If I may conjecture,
By garb, gait, and aspect, you're
Francois.

Merc. Nay, nay.

Par. Au Moins—You've made the Tour.

Merc. No sure.
Your Highness means to flatter.

Par. Pardonnez-moi—This Hat here
Paris Cock——

Merc. No such matter.

Par. Those Pumps too—diantre!—curious.—

Merc. Jove's Son, Sir——(bowing)

Par. Vous?

Merc. Yes; spurious
Controller of his Pages,
And bear his Love-Messages.

Par. Quoi? Merky!—ah! le drole!

Merc. The same—upon my soul,
At your command.

Par. I kiss your Hand.

RECI

RECITATIVE.

Par. But whence—and whither now?

Merc. My Errand

At present is——

Par. (taking snuff) To me—I warrant.

Merc. E'en so.

Par. (with extravagant airs of vanity)

With my poor person smitten?

Merc. (shaking his head) No, Sir—a matter—
You'd scarce hit on.

This Apple——(produces the Golden Apple).

Par. (much mortified) Aye.

Merc. (Tho' no nice Fruit 'tis)

Has set by the ears three tip-top Beauties.

Th' Inscription—there's the bone——

Par. (reads it) TO THE FAIREST!

Merc. 'Till that point's settled—Heav'n can
ne'er rest.

Juno, Miss Pallas, Venus—stiffly

Lay claim to't——

Par. Well—mon cher!

Merc. Why, briefly——

You're nam'd their Judge——

Par. (eyeing it contemptuously)

A precious bawble

To set three Goddesses—at squabble!

AIR IV. Bryan.

*A Goddess, like an earthly Dame,
In trifles will precedence claim;
Denied, foul language will bestow,
And turn from dearest Friend to Foe.*

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. But why to me this Beauty-reference?

Merc. You, Sir, *Jove* knows,—can guess the difference——

Betwixt—a Nymph—and a Nut-cracker——

Par. Not half so well as he,—th' old Smacker!

Merc. Him they'd think partial,—interested,
Therefore in you his Pow'r is vested.

Par. What Jeopardy? — My Case quite desperate! —

Can please but one,—two must exasperate! —

Merc. Do as you like—but—leave off prating,

You keep their Goddessships a-waiting. [*Exit.*

(*Paris alone, after meditation,*)

Good *Jove*, direct me!

Since in this task

I'm but your mask,

I hope, Sir, you'll protect me.

Re-enter Mercury, leading Juno, whom he announces most ceremoniously. She advances with over-strained haughtiness.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Merc. Queen *Juno*, Sir, (*bows*) *Jove's* Con-
fort——

Juno. (*imperiously*)

Less Palaver.

We've other fish to fry — (*beckons Mercury away;*
he sneaks off.)

Par. (*tripping familiarly to kiss her.*) Ma'am,—
by your Favour——

(*She draws back with indignation.*

Juno.

46 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

Juno. Meat for your Lord! — I thought you
better knew me.

Par. (*aside*) *La fiere!* — a three-pil'd Prude,
consume me!

Juno. — (*haughtily*)

Lad, don't you feel yourself, at times, ambitious
Of Pow'r — and Wealth?

Par. *Ma foi!* they're both delicious.

Juno. Both you may have —

Par. *Comment!*

Juno. For me pass Sentence,
And you will bless your Stars for our Acquaint-
ance.

A I R V. Giordani.

On Nabob's Throne despotick,
O'er Omrabs thou shalt blaze;
Thy pomp, thy pow'r exotick
The trembling East amaze;

Then shall the Chiefs from Europe
Court thee with gorgeous toys;
Crouching each to hold thy Stirrup,
Proud to serve thee like Seapoys.

Par. Why — faith — She offers — like a Bid-
der.

Nabob! — *Bon ça!* — let me — consider:

Bengal — a damn'd — long — voyage thither.

(*aside*) Now *un grand Coup* — You're warm —
and I in Spirits —

(*to her*) 'Gad, Ma'am, let's use your Husband as
he merits.

A I R

A I R VI. Down Derry Derry.

(To her with petulant Familiarity.)

*Sweet Revenge there is a Clue to,
 Wou'd you take a Fool's advice, —
 Me voici tout pret—Cornuto
 We may dub him in a trice.
 Dans le Bon ton—Down derry derry:
 Dans le Bon ton,
 Sur le Gazon.*

(Juno in furious indignation turns fiercely
 upon him.)

R E C I T A T I V E.

Juno. Indeed!—'Squire *Hotspur*!—two words
 to that Bargain.

Par. (with cutting indifference)
N'importe—There needs no farther arguing.
 [turns away.]

Juno. (apart) To be sent haggling here with
 such a Puppy!
 Well, Jove, remember this, if I ben't up wi' ye.

A I R VII.

*Tender Passion, gentle Love,
 Cooing, murmuring like the Dove,*

G

Shall

*Shall desert my troubled breast
Until the Fairest I'm confest.*

*I'll shake your curtains every night,
And you shall tremble with affright;
I'll bounce, I'll flounce, I'll rant and rave,
And you shall be a very slave. [Exit in a rage.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

(Paris alone.)

*Sans ceremonie, I dismiss her.
Hey, Mercury!*

(Enter Mercury.)

Fetch in *Pallas*——

Merc. (bowing)

Yes, Sir——

(Exit. Paris remains, humming.)

*Dans le Bon ton,—hey, derry derry.
Dans le Bon ton,
Sur le Gazon,*

*(until Mercury re-enters,
introducing Pallas. He bows and retires.
She stands sullen; Paris hops pertly up to
kiss her.)*

Par. Servant, my dear!——

(She repulses him with a violent push.)

Pal.

Since when? Spruce Master

Jemmy!

*Par. (aside, his hands on his breast as in pain)
That Peg she had from Broughton—demme!*

Well,

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN. 43

Well, *Joan of Arc*!—my frumpish Missy!
You might as well ha' let me kiss ye.

Pal. Paris, no *Airs*—That Pippin, without
musing,

Adjudge to me———

Par. (ironically) Bon;——for your Skill in
bruising.

Pal. I'll make your Fortune:—Call me else,
Canary.

Par. My Fortune, Miss!——

Pal. Ay, in the Milita—ry.

A I R VIII. Bates.

*Thy sword, thy cannon's thunder,
Shall gain thee store of plunder!
Great Arthur, conquering Ammon,
Ne'er saw such piles of Mammon!
Raise, young Paris, raise thy name!
Away, away to Wealth and Fame!*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. (having stared at her with surprize)
Zauns, Miss—What see you in my Figure,
As if I lov'd to draw a Trigger?

44 THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

A I R IX. Arne.

*Let Heroes delight in the toils of the war,
In maims, blood, and bruises and blows;
Not a sword, but a sword-knot rejoices the Fair:
And what are rough Soldiers to Beaux?
Away then with laurels! come Beauty and Love,
And silence the trumpet and drum;
Let me with soft Myrtle my brows bear inwove,
And tenderly combat at home!*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pal. Dastard!—Be henceforth, (since you're
for that duty)
No Officer of mine.
Par. (with indifference) *Ni vous*—my Beauty.
Now, *Merc'ry*!—let the Cyprian Belle come.

[*Enter Mercury, hands out Pallas, and introduces
Venus; then bows, and exit. She advances,
smirking. Paris, tho' struck with her beauty,
trips to salute her with his usual pertness.*

Ay this! (to her) Permettez-moi! (kisses her)
Ven. (frankly) And welcome.

(*leering, and chucking him under the chin*)

My Paris! can you love?

Par. (*aside*) No foolish item.

Yes, Ma'am—kind souls!—I never slight 'em.

Ven.

Ven. Well, there's a Judge—one Menelaus—
 in Sparta;
 (A Judge's crest is—Horns—by Magna Charta)
 That Judge, he hath a wife—that Wife hight
 Nelly,
 But such a Nell!—at ev'ry glance
 The cockles of your heart would dance,
 Warm'd as if by Vermicelli.

A I R X.

*Helen if you can trepan,
 Thou of heroes shalt lead the van!
 Never dally,
 Skilli-shally;
 Faint heart ne'er fair lady won.
 Be bold, and play the Man!
 That's the plan.
 That shape, that jim rigging
 Was form'd for intriguing;
 And in foreign parts
 You'll reign King of Hearts.
 Oh, such bliss you've no idea;
 She's a peerless Dulcinea!
 Wit delighting,
 Charms inviting,
 Youth inciting,
 Helen, Helen to trepan.*

R E C I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Par. Agreed—*touchez!*——Now for a Barrel
Of Golden Pippins——We shall never quarrel.
I'll call the Ladies in that went hence.

*(Takes the Apple in his hand, crosses the Stage,
and calls aloud)*

Mercury!——I'm going to Pass Sentence.

*(Enter on one Side Mercury, ushering in Juno and
Pallas; on the other, Venus alone.)*

A I R XI. Venetian Ballad.

Par. (Bowing to Juno and Pallas.)

*Mesdames,——to speech you,
But more might disoblige you;
I therefore beseech you,
Let this Action teach you
My upright Award
By Equity squar'd,
Not Bribe or Pelf;——
The Pippin, on strict scrutiny,
Rests here *,—tho' Losers mutiny.
Fair ye to the bone are;—
But this Belle debonnaire
Is Fairness 'Self.*

* Placing it as a Bouquet in Venus's Bosom.

(Juno

(Juno and Pallas walk to and fro, stomachful;
Venus and Paris bowing and curtsying. Mercury
stands tittering.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Juno. (turning upon Paris enrag'd)
Buzzard! —in real Beauty, Ignoramus!

Pal. (pointing to Venus)
That lewd Trull's Person was his Fee to bam us.

Juno. (menacing) For this,—an old house o'er }
your Sconce I'll rumble.

Pal. Poltroon!—Since War you dread, its }
Din shall rumble

In both your Ears——

Merc. Ladies!—You're not to }
grumble.——— j

A I R XII.

QUARTETTO. Fye now, prithee, John.

Ven. Nay, nay, prithee, Dames,
Don't call blackguard names:
You no tittle had—no, nor you.

Pal. You're a jade—a dirty pufs!
And he's a rogue—has cheated us!
But Pallas won't be treated thus:

Ven. } This you shall rue!
Par. } A Pippin is not worth this fufs!
And what could he do?

Juno. Do, you fool? observe my face,
My shape and air, and every grace:
The brightest Queen that e'er was seen!
What eyes had you?

(A furious

(A furious Symphony ; then enter hastily Jupiter, outrageously angry, the thunder-bolt in his hand.)

RECITATIVE.

Jup. (to Juno and Pallas)

Ye spiteful Jades !—threat not my Puny Judge,
 else

For him I will, myself, take up the Cudgels—
 The proudest She that with him dares to meddle,
 I'll make dance *Barnaby*—without a Fiddle !

A I R XIII. Galluppi.

*The Lad has well decided :
 He judg'd it just as I did.—
 Ye cou'd not all Three have it ;
 He to the FAIREST gave it.
 Wherein to blame is He ?
 That he had Eyes to see,
 And that the Truth he spoke ?
 If still ye're stiff and sturdy,
 Cockshobs ! I'll make ye smoke !—
 My Choler don't provoke ;
 For, Zouns !—I'll have it so :—
 Look to't—I'm at a word wi' ye ;—
 And now my mind ye know.*

REC I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ven. (to Jupiter coaxingly)
The *Dragon*!—Dear Papa! have some regard on him.

Jup. (chucking her under the chin) Well mov'd!
(nodding to Mercury) Go, set the *Dragon* free—I pardon him.

(Exit Mercury. Enter Dragon, making profound obeisance to all.)

A I R XIV. AND LAST.

S E S T E T T O. Vivaldi.

JUPITER, JUNO, PALLAS, VENUS,
PARIS, DRAGON.

<i>Jup.</i>	<i>This be the period</i>
	<i>Of jars—Shake fists and buffs.</i>
<i>Juno.</i> }	<i>Yet, Sir, 'tis very odd,</i>
<i>Pal.</i> }	<i>You'll side with her 'gainst us.</i>
<i>to each other.</i> }	<i>Had you been adjudg'd it,</i>
	<i>I ne'er shou'd ha' grudg'd it.</i>
<i>Jup.</i> (to <i>Juno.</i>)	<i>You Puffs,</i>
	<i>Why grudge Venus?</i>
<i>Ven.</i>	<i>Why to me this mortal hatred?</i>
<i>Par.</i>	<i>Why to me this spleen inveterate?</i>
<i>Jup.</i> }	<i>Why to her { this mortal hatred?</i>
<i>Dra.</i> }	<i>{ such spleen inveterate?</i>

H

Ven.

Ven.

Beauty's my sole Gift of Nature:

Par.

Justice mine.

Juno. } (to Paris)

Yours ? Venal traitor !

Pal. } (to Venus)

Conceited creature !

Dra. } (to Paris and Venus) *Thank her, she cou'd
give no greater.*

Juno. (aside to Pallas) *I have no patience with such flirts.*

Pal. (aside to Juno) *Ne'er heed. We'll stick in both their skirts.*

Jup. } Blood! don't again my passion
rouze.

Dra. { (to both) } *He's your Papa, Miss, and your Spouse.*

Jup. (to ditto) *If you will not be cool,
I have for Scolds a School,*

Juno. }
Bel. } *You see, Sir, we are cool.*

Jup. *That's call'd the Ducking-stool.*

Juno. }
Pal. } *We shall not need that School.*

Dra. } *They will*
Par. } *You see, Sir, they are cool.*

Juno. } Shake hands—We're Friends—No spite.
Pal. }

Ven. }
Par. }
Sup. } *Be Friends—That's right.*

Dra. }
 Jup. } *For this good hap*
 Dra. } *We'll all get sap,*
 And drain the tap.

Ven.

Ven. *In peace let's live,*
 Par. *Forget, forgive.*
 Juno. } (aside to each other) *We'll make believe.*
 Pal. }
 Jup. } *This day shall*
 Juno. }
 Pal. } *be High Jubilee.*
 Ven. } *Let this day*
 Par. }
 Dra. } (to the Audience—*Applaud, Applaud,*
Jove's gracious Nod.

THE END.



E R R A T U M.

P. 8. for "Scene changes to a *Wild Heath*" — read "Scene changes to a *Wood*."

THE GOLDEN YIPPIE

in place of a live
toy, figure.

(Add to each other)

50-108-1-1

[illegible]

4 AP 54

A P P E N D I X.

SINCE the printing of the foregoing impression, the following variations have been made in the representation, which are now subjoin'd for the benefit of the purchaser.

Page 40. A I R V.

Instead of—*On Nabob's throne despotic.*

Guardian Angels now protect me.

Where's the mortal can resist me?

Queens must every honour gain.

Paris surely must assist me,

Juno cannot sue in vain.

Look in my face, my gentle Paris;

Can such beauties e'er despair?

Where's such an eye as this?

Shew me such lips to kiss;

O, may my Paris hear my pray'r!

R E C I T A T I V E.

P A R I S.

'Egad, the termagant grows tender;

But my assistance, if I lend her,

To me, her charms she shall surrender.

Page 41. AIR VII.

Instead of—*Tender passion, &c.*

Arne.

*What a shrew shall Juno prove,
What a henpeck'd husband Jove.
Vainly struggling to be free,
A married slave to all eternity!*

*Monarchs hail him grand protector;
Glory, pow'r, his temples crown;
Yet shall Juno's curtain lecture,
All his joys in clamour drown.*

AIR

Page 49. AIR XIV, and last.

Instead of—*This be the period, &c.*

Hofier's Ghost.

JUPITER.

Come, be friends! Jove's your commander;

No more riot, no more fufs!

Sleep, fell Envy; peace, fout Slander;

Ladies all, shake hands and bufs!

Let Erynnis have a whipping,

For promoting noise and strife;

Never shall a Golden Pippin

Interrupt celestial life.

CHORUS. *Let Erynnis, &c.*

JUNO.

Jove, my patience you rely on;

And the virtues of your spouse:

Had you three heads, like Geryon,

Many wives wou'd deck your brows.

CHORUS. *Let Erynnis, &c.*

PALLAS.

War and battle I delight in,

Yet my anger now shall cease;

For a while a truce to fighting,

I agree to sign the peace,

CHORUS. *Let Erynnis, &c.*

VENUS.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

VENUS.

*Tho' adjudg'd the queen of beauty,
Venus gains the golden prize;
Manners still she holds her duty,
To her sisters of the skies.*

CHORUS. Let Erynnis, &c.

PARIS.

*Helen then shall be my boney,
Dearer then the golden fleece;
She'll admire a Macaroni,
More than all the beaux of Greece.*

CHORUS. Let Erynnis, &c.

MERCURY.

*Since dissentions now are over,
And the ladies all agree;
Henceforth let us live in clover,
And eternal jubilee!*

CHORUS. Let Erynnis, &c.

4

